



THE
TRAVELS OF FANCY.
A VISION.

Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Dr. YOUNG.

IN the visionary region of sleep, various scenes present themselves unrealized in our waking hours. Musing upon the different conditions of mankind, by mental powers were deluded by the enchantments of Morpheus. By this author of fancied bliss of mortals, I was transported to a plain which I traversed for many hours, when I met with
a venerable

a venerable sage, who directed my steps to a city whose spires appeared over the hills. When we approached it, we were greatly interrupted by carriages on the road; at length we arrived at the gates of the city. I was highly entertained with the view of the inhabitants employed in different occupations, and said to my venerable guide, "Surely some grand spectacle is to be exhibited, or some potent monarch is soon to make his public entry; therefore every one is engaged in making due preparation." "This is not," replied he, "any remarkable day;" they are only busied in the common affairs of life. Manual labour is the destiny of the bulk of mankind; employment is necessary for the good of society. Few, very few, deserve to live a life of leisure. Industry is the parent of virtue; it enriches the individual, and by degrees the stream of plenty circulates through every branch of the community. Having passed along the public streets, crowded with houses of industry, I came to an harbour containing vessels of different dimensions. At such a sight, I was vastly surprized, and asked my guide what was the use of such fluctuating habitations. The persons who belonged to them rivalled the bee in diligence and agility.

He informed me that these vessels were intended to convey the peculiar products of one region to another: thus the most distant coun-